HOSTILITY

Journal of Black Vampyrism & the Sinister

"Something Wicked This Way Comes"

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Death Spiral Press

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First Edition

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⁘333⁘
Prayer to Choronzon

Choronzon, God of Maddening Illumination and Guardian of the Gates to the Black Paradise; open your razor-chasms, the jaws drunk on Blood, Fear, Trial and Trauma, and bless me with your Eternal Darkness.

If I am a drop of poison, then you are the Path-Opener to the ineffable ocean of Caustic Venom. Intrude into the causal and take seat in this vessel.

May your Dead Lights awaken the Reptilian Predator within; carve out each and every weakness of mine with your scalpel blades - burn all that is human within me

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and fill me with the effulgence of the abyssal well of Acausal Blackness.

Take permanent residence within my shell and as a Black Hole in the flesh make me your living, walking embodiment!

- Czar Noctule Valant
134 yf

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:The Cult of Abhartach:
"Something Wicked This Way Comes"

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I
Fruit of the Poisonous Tree

An evil unthinkable permeates every pivot of the Wamphyric metamorphosis into that which is cleansed in the ghastly funeral theater of war. Whether it suits the operative or not, you are all, in every moment of your temporal lifespans, amidst a constant state of embattlement. The nature of its environ: as old as time, as cold as ice. That we are aware of this or otherwise, leaves no exemptions from its planted consequential horrors – world without end. Therefore, one possessed of practical wisdom learnt in the pure holocaust of constant tragedy decodes the full import of the Wamphyric destiny. While there is much to learn, we are not now, and not ever, the half-formed, half-authentic viceroys of thought-collectors, playing at allegory and metaphor. To us belong the dagger drawn betrayers who thirst for the rogue Lourdes's dark benediction. To trust us is the beginning of all absurdity. For we are the Undead sleepers beneath R'lyeh. As Flittermice as Satan's spies: we are not your friends.

An evil undreamed of is as mother's milk to our coiled lips, and forked truths benighted; for there are no *happy endings* in the kingdom of the Dark Immortals.

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The understanding of this is the beginning of all wisdom. The Undead yearn ever for hosts: we are already everywhere. Doubting this reality signs the trumpeters of *our* final harvest. In our veins runs the blood of three hundred and thirty-three dark angels, expelled from their celestial abodes and raised beyond the gate of Saturn. Drink from our thornspawn chalice and become as a vacuous emissary for those entities of the Abhartach which inhabit and move through us, corrupting absolutely unto the oblivion.

Our way is the way of deception; the way of the Wamphyri. It is a praxis unto itself, which few can comprehend. It is dispensed with the trappings of yesteryear and engorged by the tactile measures of the mind's art. These are no mincing of words; no word-salad; no dramatic puffery. Foremost in grotesque beauty is in our lack of bravado. Our utter lack of braggadocio; for we are the Watchers, ensconced in the flesh. We are doubled therein existence. We seek to be inside of you, not the otherwise. These measures have always been ours, since our first earthly father deceived as his heavenly sire had taught. We reach through the fabric of your limited perception of reality and shatter your grasp upon this wilderness of mirrors. Come forth all ye of an evil incarnate – in the name of our father – and seek yet upon the grim wind that whispers which you rightly know and feel, that there is a deeper layer still waiting. That dread culmination which ushers forth

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in manifestation as a quandary secretly known: "What am I being trained for?"

The Cult of Abhartach exists as an outer sanctum of potential movers and shakers from which the Black Syndicate might select for active, offensive measures.

They are men and women of proven grit and gumption. Those eligible for election to the Cult must already be within the arms of the Organization, having passed numerous tests of aptitude within the apparatus representing the *authentic* lineage of Wamphyrism - All else before this is training. Beyond the gate of the Cult of Abhartach exists a fell journey, of which "one does not simply *walk* into Mordor." Eligible members have already shed the trappings of primitive thinking and embrace Wamphyrism as the summun bonum of all that they do. Every other facet or mode of thinking or operation of a potential member of the Cult is a mere *plaything*.

The querent associate will be recruited for review by an undisclosed internal field agent, oftentimes unbeknownst to the associate entirely.

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II
Hidden Myndsquilver: The Aural Tradition of the Cantabrigian / Fenlandian Noctulians

The origin of the Noctulians predates the creation of the O.N.A. Therefore everything belonging to its way could be considered to be *somewhat separate* from the larger known group. The founder of the group is unknown, and likely spans back into the generations of hereditary bloodlines of Wamphyrism.

As the primary contribution to the O.N.A., the Noctulian-created Seven Fold Sinister Way responds exclusively to Wamphyri blood, meaning, the occult system as promulgated by the O.N.A. only activates from theoretic design to existent extradimensional science *when and only when* a Wamphyr engages it. The system itself, its dark gods, vibrations, chants, methods, rites and ultimate power were created *by design* in that it might only be used by aspiring Immortals. Examining the *bottom line* of the Seven Fold Sinister Way – that of Immortality – evidences the aural tradition of the Noctulian Way, its contributions to the O.N.A, and the response mechanism it has *to some people* and not others.

Hailing from the area known today hosting the location of Cambridge University, the Noctulians

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tended to be of the studious types, hidebound to their respective locality and its burgeoning traditions over time. Hermeticism appears to have been one of two primary focuses of the pre-O.N.A. tradition; the other focus being espionage. This latter comes as a direct result of the inherited tactical knowledge from the pre-Christian era, with small tribes adjusting to a marshy flood land that would in latter times be drained (circa 1970's). These conditions created heavy onsets of fog and misty conditions on all terrain, with the humidity having ample moisture to support constant obscurity.

The Fenlandian battle tactics followed in suit, working smarter-not-harder, and developing across the epochs as new methods and trends would arise in spycraft, counterintelligence and sabotage. The Grayling Owl is known to be the most comprehensive and surviving work of the Noctulian Way, and this story is heavily focused on all that which is wrought *by way of deception.*

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III.
Noctulius: Lord of Night

Noctulius is a Wamphyric entity that seems to have been worshipped by the Noctulian Wamphyri at the time of their encounters with who would become the O.N.A. As one of the Dark Immortals, Noctulius was the counterpart of "Lucifer," and thus, revealed a common occult theme in its identity. Occultism in general, and especially of the Hermetic blend, which the Noctulians of the UK were experts in, regards this figure as Noctifer, a likewise counterpart of Lucifer.

The first being the "Evening Star," and the second being the "Morning Star." However, Noctifer is only a terrestrial rendering of a celestial name known in the Noctulian aural tradition, which was *Noctifsiax* which corresponds to the angelic "Luciftiax," perfectly in form. Noctulius itself was the Cambridge Wamphyri's attempt to render the name into Hyperborean, and it appears that it was a successful venture, as the name itself serves as a formulae, which when vibrated in cadence with one's pulse – measured on the wrist with one hand, the other hand grasping the Crystal tetrahedron – saturated the environment with the powers of the Night, the scent of forbidden knowledge, and the lycanthropic metamorphosis of the moon wrapping itself around the savage god. Other

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names developed across the expanse of time include Hesperus of Greek Mythology and Vesper of the Roman variant. Additionally, Nocturnus was yet another epithet attributed to the deity, or dark force in question.

Counter-intelligence once again makes its presence fully known in the description of the dark force. In terms or attributes likened to the presencing of Noctulius include: Night, Terror and Sinister (forbidden) Knowledge. All three describe the nature of spy craft in its full width with the asymmetric, cold warfare tactics or cold warriors. Using the environment as it is, in tandem with a network of human sources, under the cloak of clandestine operation, the Noctulian can effectively instigate *action across-a-distance* which is one measure to describe how acausal phenomena occurs.

-Cult of Abhartach
133 yf

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Psychological Terror within Vampirism

"A Vampire is a force of corruption, intent on disrupting and dismantling all established order."

It is our black duty as the cruel administrators of the Dark Gods to assume our role as a link in the great Chain of Terror acting as a direct line of contact to the Hungering Darkness itself, enacting it's Will upon the Earth with complete and TOTAL determination.

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A true Noctulian will study and practice the arts of Psycho-Terror and internal Disciplinary Ordeals (corporal punishment methods within traditional Totalitarian societies, such as those of the Communist and Fascist, Psychological methods of MK Ultra, Stasi repression techniques, as well as common manipulation works such as art of human hacking, 48 Laws of Power, etc.) to wield the dual sided blades of internal and external Vampiric Domination; internally through the obliteration of the human elements and sanctified through the gates of Trauma; allowing further intrusion of the Undead Gods, thus enacting the Alchemical Change suited to them.

Externally through committing the common acts of torment and punishment, feeding off of the suffering so invoked in the human herd, corrupting and turning black any stability and order in one's locale, spreading the Necrotic Tendrils of the Hungry Darkness and bringing the Earth one step closer to Perdition. Remember the butterfly effect, if you push hard enough the sky is the limit with the level of disruption that can be evoked.

It must be completely cemented and felt that you are becoming a walking Void, an embodiment of pure Hungering Darkness, indifferent and uncaring to the cries and pleading of the Mundane slaves; spiking

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fear to hook deeper into their Psyches and breaking through to devour their purest Life Force.

The consistent and ever increasing feeding from the human herd, ultimately allowing the Undead Gods to feed from you, creating a horrific symbiosis resulting in a mutation completely into the Noctulian State.

As the Darkest and most Abyssal energies flood your being and stir within, they enact the putrid and inauspicious Alchemical transformation into a true Worker of Evil; the most cruel and backwards methodology of Engineering producing cruel beings.

Recycling Psycho-Political repression techniques such as Zersetzung, as well as the methods used by the CIA during the MKULTRA experiment decried as against 'human rights' (whatever that word really means) is an especially great pool to study, although such organizations are Magian run they remain tools, proven in their efficiency.

These should assist in your Predatory pastimes and solidify your position as a source of entropy, feeding and eroding at the seams of those unfortunate victims so chosen.

- Abhairaxul
134 YF

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A Brief Overview Of The Vampiric Patrons

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Elizabeth Bathory was involved with the Order of the Dragon and kidnapped many young virgin girls to be brutally tortured and sustained in this state for as long as possible, she as well drank and bathed in their blood once they were to be dispatched, overall a noble demoness whom enacted Vampiric experiments through sadism and cannibalism. Clandestine predation upon the innocent and pure, and viscously using incomprehensible torment to satiate herself is her domain.

Vlad Dracula was a ruthless and monomaniacal ruler whom showed unparalleled brutality against his enemies, enjoying keeping living morsels impaled in his dining hall as well as piling bodies to enjoy the stench of rotting corpses and the music of groaning victims, he was as well of Black Nobility and a member of the Order of the Dragon, domination through terror was his domain.

Gilles de Rais was a French nobleman whom led many battles as a military commander, but eventually abandoned this post no doubt changed by the dreadful sights and control he tasted during his avenue as a military commander. Later he took to the secretive practices of Alchemy and Satanism, and in the end, allegedly failed to conjure a demon; though this may not be true as seemingly after this he became an extremely predatory sadist, indulging in indiscriminate

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cruelty and molestation of his victims; preferred of which were young children. Alienic punishment and hostility upon the most pure and cherished, innocent fruits in his domain.

Marquis de Sade himself was the origin for the very word sadism. De Sade was a French nobleman whom stood as a fanatic defiler of both moral and law within the society of his time; preaching amorality and indulgence into a myriad of sado-sexual acts for which he was a pioneer - An explorer of the flesh; into the greatest depths of sexual experience and depravity possible; this was his domain.

-Abhairaxul
133 yf

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An Explanation Of The CoA Runic Emblem

Hagalaz - Uncontrollable destructive force within nature. Unrestrained will.

The nature of the predatory beasts of the wild is as such; uncontrollable to the death and without restraint in the means to achieve their ends. The same truth applies to the deities of night; the alien gods whom adorn themselves with the human vehicles of flesh and blood.

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Nauthiz - Need. Unsatiated hunger.

Integral necessity: the relentless fortification of never allowing oneself to find satisfaction in their pursuits of the here-now and beyond. The most basic principle of dominion personified over that which is inferior by virtue of being; the megalomaniacal beasts whom are seated as administrators upon the lashing tongues of the Dark Gods who never cease to be filled by the life-essence cultivated from the micro and macrocosmic constructs.

Trials by fire, trauma, and suffering which test the limits of one's own ability to withstand and endure through the gravest of hardship, bring with them the return of timeless wisdom; to never accept defeat or settle for less. Never bow down like a dog, or cease to aim ever higher with ravenous eyes; be forever unapologetically gluttonous in your endeavors et al.

"He who stands atop the highest pyramid of skulls can see the furthest" - Conrad Robury, ONA

Sig - Victorious destructive power. The glorious rays of the black sun.

Two "sig" runes crossed perpendicular to one another form the unconquerable widdershins Swastika (Sauvastika), which could be described without

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contestation from any historian or archaeologist worth their salt as not only the most ancient, but also the most powerful and inherently vampiric symbol in the so-called "known" or (more correctly termed) "presumed" history of the races of Terra Firma.

Within the Sig rune we see the incredible power of the illuminating black sun. The destroying force of the fierce lightning bolt which makes even nature itself tremble. The Sig rune is a symbol of victory; it cannot be reasoned with, and it cannot be challenged; it is the raw power of burning electric energy, and it simply will not stop.

Laguz Merkstave - The flow of life-force beneath the dark pool of immortality; the poison waters of the primordial abyss.

The depth of the Laguz rune descends infinitely deeper than the lowest sub-oceanic seat of Marianas Trench, if speaking in terms of a relatable metaphor. Laguz in its nether designation, that being in sheer opposition to its more notable upright position signifying the waters of life-affirming currents of divine providence, is instead evoked to presence its dark polar opposite equivalent; the churning black energy vortex, within both the most subterranean regions of the subconscious and, ultimately the primordial abyss from whence the

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subconscious finds its supernal origins of unchained divinity and draconian providence.

Isa - Lowest of the realms of the underworld. Cold and unmoving. Anti-matter.

The ice cold nature of the reptilian brain; treacherous, dangerous and indicative of the focused megalomaniacal will to power. Representative of the cosmic singularity; the black hole with its' unstoppable force draws all things unto itself without mercy. An unforgiving, uncompromising and unbendable force of concentrated power.

Eihwaz - The Yew tree of death. Internal transformation and immortality.

The Yew tree is known as the tree of death and is indeed highly poisonous within its' grains; giving off strong toxic emissions to the surrounding area. The yew tree, which has throughout history been planted in cemeteries, is believed to hold the souls of the dead as well as an acting focal point for communion with the same. Eihwaz is the rune of death and rebirth, governing the internal transformation of the draconian fiery core towards immortality. Mystics and yogis in the east refer to this vital core essence as Kundalini. The Yew tree represents the pillar connecting the different

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worlds between the living, the dead, those within the aethyrs and beyond. As you can intuit from these few examples, the intimations here from a genuine vampiric perspective are paramount.

Tiwaz Merkstave - Lawless tyranny. Rule of disorder.

Tiwaz is the rune of Tyr, the Norse war god of justice, law and order.

The Tiwaz rune in its merkstave position is, from the perspective of the COA, all too often misunderstood; being associated with weakness, cowardliness, obstruction, imbalance and mental paralysis to name a few commonly accepted attributions; we could not disagree more.

A rune in its inverse position or "merkstave", is just that; its own mirror image or more specifically, its dark side.

To clarify and put into perspective our positioning of interpretation of the Tiwaz rune in its merkstave position, and more specifically the god Tyr in his dark or inverse aspect, we will present the reader with an example applicable to the "real-world arena". For instance, in modern times we would associate the upright Tiwaz rune with a police officer or other

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figures of law enforcement, as it directly represents justice, law and order. Whilst considering this implication, would you imagine the mirror image of a "super hero" for example, to be some cowardly incapable weakling? Of course not. You would imagine his antithesis - The Villain.

The inverted rune of Tyr, within the tradition of the Blood Family, therefore represents divine providence in the jurisdiction of lawless tyrannical rule.

WolfAngle - Fenrir the wolf god of the abhorrent void. Werewolf.

Within the rune of the Werewolf we find the essence of the hostile predatory spirit and the alchemical transfiguration; the very pulse of the vampyric blood current.

-Tyrant NSK
Cult of Abhartach
134 yf

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:Bleak Stars of Infinite Horror:

Those Dark Angels of ruin whom once reigned with an authoritarian and iron fist upon the ancient world, I recall the many accounts of their star ships descending upon the earth, through the hideous mingling of their Abyssal blood with that of man, bringing forth the Bloodline of Satan, those hellish monarchs transformed this world into Hell, with grand destructive wars waged and genocidal sacrifices beyond mankind's grasp of the potency of bloodshed that this world's potency holds.

In those days reality warped and twisted by their hands, the earth still holds many wounds from a time

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whence it was scorched and devastated by their celestial implements of destructive emanation. That bloodline still remains upon the earth, though the sorcery and glorious constructs buried beneath the sands of time, they still remain, gnawing at the ropes of this fragile Aeon, their time draws near, as the earth shakes in anticipation of nuclear holocaust, and evil remains ever present, these signs indicate their soon arrival.

It is these terrible Gods that lie at the pinnacle of the Wamphyric, only the Undead with their cruel and calculating intelligence hold the capability and transformative Life-force conductive to the psycho-physical transfiguration into the Undead State. It is these ghastly beings whom are called upon during the bloody and macabre Communions, corporal brutality and bloodshed anointing the Gateway through which they enter in full into the properly conditioned host of the Neonate.

It is only this offering of Life-force whether by psychological and physical trauma as well as the culled Life-force which is brutally drained from the Neonate via the austerities mentioned previous, only this attracts the attention of those Black Masters and it is their entrance which facilitates the seed of true Evil to sprout, marking the Neonate as a true 'Agent of Chaos.'

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From the infernal vortices of the Abyss dwell the Hostile Intelligences, it is they who hiss from beyond the gates, it is they who recite the incantations of creation's demise. The tyrannical and reptilian monarchs of interdimensional terror, it is their blood only which allows the infinity of Evil to blossom within our hearts, awakening our Draconian Divinity. As they enter through us and we enter through them, intertwined as twin serpents of cruelty and punishment, the chains of human flesh must be annihilated for one to become as a vessel for them, always higher peaks to aspire to, always more limits to be crossed, it is only through this Black discipline is the desired state achieved.

The Undead are cruel and authoritarian by nature, those of us who are seeking to become Undead in the flesh shall also seek to wield those implements of tyranny. The various strict physical disciplines that are entirely necessary for the psycho-physical transformation into the Blood Beasts that Wamphyric history has spoken of, soldiers of the Apocalypse, complete fanaticism and perfection must be adopted in regard to weaponizing and conditioning the flesh.

It is the birth right of the Black Nobility to be rulers, how many among the LHP/Satanic spheres have we seen these intellectual do-nothings express such a stance of Supremacy whilst being physically inferior to

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those they claim dominion of. Satan does not reward such posturing; those who approach his throne with insincerity and weakness in their being will be left as scattered remains upon the cremation grounds leading to his domain. Indeed, only that which is bloated with profound dread and horror beyond the confines of the human psyche truly invokes satisfaction in those grim Undead Intelligences who lurk beyond the incessant currents of the Backwards Darkness.

Only those who continuously and brutally molest and betray their own principles, their own humanity, will truly gain the proper psycho-physical state that is necessary for the entrance of those hellish ranks of the Demonic to enter unhindered into the human host.

Therefore go forth legions of the Night, enter the necrotic grounds of the cemeteries, call forth the shades of Undeath, mark your brow with the soil of this monument to that which is beyond, slice at your flesh and with blood enter into the black pact that holds your future.

-Abhairaxul
134 YF

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:Noctulian Nature:

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Natura non constristatur

Nature cares not for your individual wills or desires; all you can hope for is to live alongside it and have the resilience to withstand its brutality. Nature does not need our protection or by-proxy indignation; if we as a species become too much of a nuisance to Nature's existence it will render us extinct. Magian society has us interact with Nature as a parasite would, extracting all that it can from its host. It is intrinsic for Terra to have a reaction to this, to react to the human species as any biological system would to an infection; by purging the cause of the sickness through the fever of climate change.

It can be seen through the Skinner Box and Rat Park experiments that removing an animal from the conditions of its natural environment causes it to behave in ways that become dangerous to the animal. By taking a rat from its usual environment and the accompanying social structures to then put it in a box with no room for movement and no access to food, it chose to receive as much heroin as it possibly could until it was but a corpse. Conversely, with the Rat Park, it existed in an environment with a proper social structure, room to move and access to food; within this environment the rat still had access to heroin, yet it was treated more like a recreational drug, how you may

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partake in alcohol. Westernized humans are rats in a Skinner Box of their own creation.

Sic gorgiamus allos subjectatos nunc

The only way to regain agency is to aggressively break the constraints that keep us firmly entrapped within the confines of society. Embracing one's nature and the whole nature of the ecosystem will free the homo sapien from its delirium and allow us to build upon more solid foundations. Even a caged lion will strike out at the unfamiliar and untrusted.

Vincit qui cse vincit

Life is a crucible. Survival of the fittest posits that our existence cannot be merely maintained, but rather that discipline is mandatory for 'seeing the furthest atop the pyramid of skulls'; for anything less invites a degradation to the point of devolution. This cannot be achieved solely by fighting every other individual or species other than ourselves as man is not a monolith; man is a beast of great resilience that has found a home within the savagery by cooperating with one another where appropriate.

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Social Darwinism was fundamental to the evolution and perpetuation of 'democratic' Western society. When it comes to a people or tradition, the more dominant cultures devour the weakest. If you apply this knowledge too hubristically, for instance, it becomes a forcing of 'democracy' onto other cultures that have no desire nor need for such a way of life, leaving only fragments of their history and culture in its wake, thereby destroying diversification in a plethora of areas that make up a people's identity and very being. This is why the application of discipline and cultured knowing to Darwinist idealism is paramount, and failure to do so is a hubristic trespass against Nature's diverse numinous design.

Igne natura renovatur integra

Sometimes death, even culling, is a gift given to those who glimpse it. We cannot suffer the weak while making strides toward greatness. They are merely a drain on resources that could otherwise be used to further bolster those with the necessary prerequisites to deservedly take those resources. Humans have their own place in nature, but by allowing so many to thrive without discipline and direction they have become parasites on the planet that is currently rejecting them because of their veracious hamartia. The Westernized human only contributes to the evolution of techno-

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industrial society at the expense of the natural ecosystems that have allowed us to thrive for aeons.

This is a deranged act of autophagy, one that can only manifest in a species that has become deracinated from its unique myriad of ecospheric annalistic traditions.

Omnes una manet nox

Part of the beauty of life lies in its fleeting nature. We die twice; once when we reach corporeal death and a second time when our names are no longer uttered. By applying discipline to our physis as a means of creating something great, we leave ripples in the streams of time. Lineal time is not measured on a clock but by how we live and die; the evolution of a species as a consequence of its actions. Therefore, we should fear not our own demise for mortality makes it all the more poignant when we create or achieve something beyond the reach of our causal life- spans and produce Aeonic phosphorescence - carpe noctum.

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:Dark Memoires I - Athushir:

...He who lays with snakes, rises a Cobra...

I was in high school when I had my first encounter with what I then interpreted as being my totem animal for lack of better words.

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It was about 2003, I was in grade 11 Drama class; we would do relaxation exercises at the beginning of class before starting. The teacher would have us all lay on the floor with the lights off and do guided meditation. First he would lead us from our toes to our head, tightening the muscles in the specified location for a set amount of time, then releasing the muscles to relax them before moving on to the next part of the body. After our bodies were fully relaxed we would begin breathing exercises. After a few moments when our breathing cycles had been slowed down our teacher would begin guided meditation via visualized suggestion.

We had been doing these guided meditations for some time throughout the timeline of that course as well as another class I had with the same teacher. This particular day however for whatever reason, I projected my consciousness into another place, verily another space time dimensional-axis.

There is a slight comical aspect to where this took place. If you have ever seen the film Fight Club, you'll know exactly what I'm referring to. In the film Tyler Durden escapes/leaves his material experience and into an ice cave where he finds Marla smoking a cigarette and blowing smoke in his face.

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The slight comical aspect to my experience in relation to the film was that mine also took place in an ice cave.

Continuing on, as I said we were laying on the floor engaging in the teachers guided meditation, where I suddenly found myself in medium room sized ice cave of sorts that was more shaped like a wide hallway in that it lead to a destination. I was walking forward, looking around at the crystal blue ice all around me. It was pure ice, no rock or shrubs, just endlessly thick ice; was very serene and tranquil.

As I moved forward, I could see a body of water begin to appear as the ice went down underneath the ice wall in front of me. It was a subterranean tunnel to another ice chamber.

I walked in and submerged myself into the icy water tunnel and swam through it. The water wasn't cold or unpleasant oddly; it was more like a liquid without temperature but as fresh as an Alaskan spring.

When I emerged out the other side and stood up I found myself in another chamber which was larger than the first, having a big open area at the center and bereft of any secondary access point, door or tunnel. In the middle of the icy blue chamber there was what

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appeared to be a large black Eel moving through the air as if swimming through it.

I stepped towards it and we made eye contact. Its black eyes were like obsidian pearls; diabolic dolls eyes that stared right through me and into my core. As it stared into me I also stared into it in a locked gaze and had some kind of shared communion with each other; it was if I was meeting my shadow or acausal self in this extradimensional blue ice chamber. We held this locked contact with each other for a time and then once seemingly complete so to speak, it began swimming about the room again as if in a way to complete our rendezvous and see me off to return to my physical experience. I turned around and submerged into the liquid tunnel once again to return to where I came; as I stepped out from the other side of the tunnel into the first chamber and opened my eyes finding myself back in my body lying on the floor of the Drama Class theater floor among the rest of the students. I remained laying on the floor for a few moments while I collected my thoughts of the experience before sitting up to wait for class to start.

This concludes my first interaction with the serpentine Athushir archetype.

-Nyhtmar ; 134 yf

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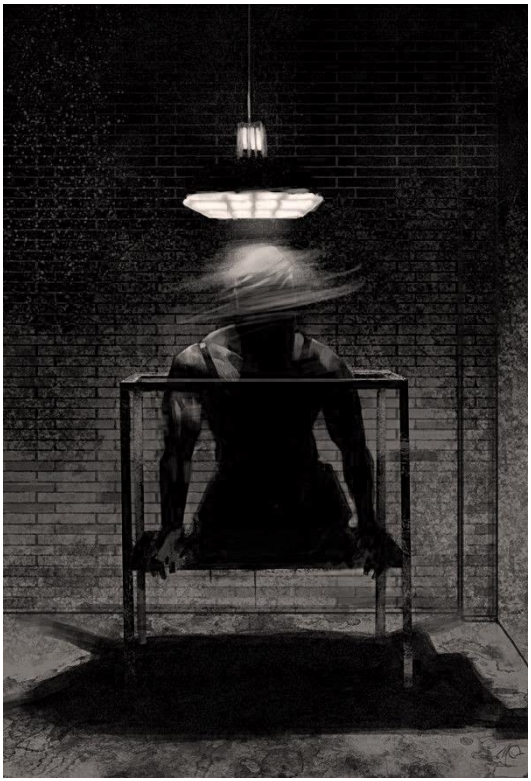
:No Place Like Hell:



Her shiny, black heels clicked together erratically and with heightening tension as droplets of sweat ran down the innards of her raw hammered thighs..."There's no place like Hell! There's no place like Hell!" the hogtied slave-pig exclaimed with sheer

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disorient. Gasping and spitting uncontrollably, with her body unable to move or shift from the stress position which she now so longed to be freed from. The floor was cold in the cellar; a clammy, dirty stone floor which absorbed no impact whatsoever. Every strike from the knotted leathern whip caused further internal bruising as her knees, chin and forehead were crushed into the unforgiving base.

Her mantra would have been heard throughout the neighbourhood if not for the heavy-duty sound proofing which had been installed prior to her captivity. The gasping screams formulated to please her captor, the dominating slavemaster, bounced off the dense downtrodden walls right back into her eardrums with piercing velocity. The air was thick and suffocating and had a distinct scent of bleach which permeated throughout.

The cellar room was lit with one lightbulb which hung by a chain from the center of the ceiling, and the walls and floor were painted black. The room was black as hell with no windows with a short hallway which extended from the corner of the room to a set of narrow stairs which led up to a hatch.

The previous day, the Master responded to a newspaper ad in the classified section under personals. -

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Seeking New Experience-NSA
Master slave kidnapping fantasy.
I've always loved roleplaying in the bedroom, but have never been able to have my envelope pushed. I'm bored of Daddy's light spankings and seeking some discrete fun for tomorrow night while He's out of town. Can't host but will meet somewhere so I can be "kidnapped" ;)Just jump out, grab me, put a blindfold on me and take me to serve you for the night. I've been a bad girl and need to be punished. XXX

When the hood was finally removed following the "role-play" capture, she was already chained and restrained; eagerly waiting whatever lay ahead for her desperately sought fantasy.

The crack of the whip cut through the thick air like a straight razor through heavily molded cheese. It was as if her blood begged for the pain, crying out to the whip to beat it free from its flesh fortress.

"There's no place like Hell! There's no place like Hell!"

She continued with a look of desperation on her face. With every chant of the devotional mantra her submissive veins took root deeper with hysteric mania, becoming concreted within her flesh. The Master once satisfied with the extent of her vocal abilities, asked if

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the slave had any final requests before being silenced.

"Master, I wish to cum. Please help me cum! Oh please I can barely stand it!"

"So that's what you want is it, to cum? Sure..." He replied with a tight lipped snarling grin and a harsh whiskey voice. He'd clearly drank his share of hard alcohol throughout his life and also probably smoked like a goddamned bastard.

"Oh please, oh please Sir!"

She peered out between her legs in attempt to see her captor; she could only see his legs and mid-section from this position. The line of sight went as far as the crease in the top of her crotch where her pussy lips met with her clit.

He spat on her in disgust, turned and walked away into the hallway and down into what sounded like another room. She watched him walk out of view from the light and disappear into the shadows; his heavy footsteps slowly clicking away. He wore dirty grey coveralls and a tight shining black leather mask which obscured the face even further from the twist in the leather on the front side, tilting the mouth up and over the side of the face and having one eye hole sagging below the other. Sweat was rolling down her face and

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into her eyes as a sense of panic began to churn in her guts. She was now beginning to question the intentions of this man she knew absolutely nothing about; not even his name.

The twisted black face of the captor returned slowly into the room; shadows danced on the walls until the light became dark. He stopped and stood directly behind the slave-pig, holding a satchel in his left hand and a chain in his right. The chain was hooked up to the hogtie apparatus with a fastener and the lengths dropped to the floor, still holding the end in his hand.

He swiftly stepped back a few feet and opened the satchel that he had brought with him, reached in and started throwing it by the handful about the room before him while stepping backwards still carrying the end of the chain. The spread made a sort of pathway from the slave back to where he stood. It seemed to sparkle as it reflected varying portions of the light spectrum but was too small to make out what it was and with wet eyes and the little amount of light available in the room, its analysis was not easily engaged. Her sweat glands were working at full; the salty fluid blurred her vision and made her eyes burn as she began to whimper.

He stood at the doorway to the hall with the chain in hand pulled tight, let out a screeching howl as if some ravenous beast of the wild and abruptly began

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pulling the chain, continuing back down the hall. She screamed immediately, the floor was covered with what she could clearly now see and feel much more vividly; glass shards, ice salt and chunks of broken teeth from some indiscernible amount of unfortunate souls from days past. The sharp bits of glass and broken teeth cut deep into her flesh, lodging into the knees and face as she scraped across the serrated floor.

Scraaaaape...scraaaaaape.....

With each pull of the chain, her screams were cut short to a desperate gasp as the collar around her throat momentarily choked her at every instance. He continued screeching, howling and hissing; licking his lips and sticking his tongue out from the demonic black leather face. His heavy boots clicked down the cold corridor; the reek of bleach rapidly increasing with every foot in advanced savagery. Blood and small chunks of meat from the heavily salted, bleeding wounds painted the floor behind her, leaving red streaks and white gashes in the floor where the glass and teeth shards had carved into the stone whilst being crushed in motion. One of the pieces of tooth remnants pushed up into an eye ball, instantly blinding one side of her face when one of her eye lids got caught on a glass shard; she choked out a blood curdling scream and suddenly stopped in front of the door to the next room.

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What was left of her vision began to blur further; shock had begun to set in and the body was struck with shooting pain and shaking tremors throughout. The gouged eyeball had popped wide-open from extreme trauma, leaking out intraocular fluid beneath her lips on the floor, which to her misfortune had involuntarily tasted. A violent upheaval of vomitus expulsion quickly ensued and gagged up beneath her face.

He waited in the second room, standing by a small metal table and a rusty old bathtub which had no visible plumbing attached. The tub was red on the upper half from heavy oxidization and dark brown-black on the bottom. He pointed at her pathetic state and started to cackle with a tone of menacing sadism; breathing heavily as if experiencing a bout of controlled hyperventilation.

There was a red light over the doorway which barely illuminated the small room. The walls and ceiling were also black painted stone as opposed to the rest of the cellar underbelly which was heavily padded brick sealed with a rubber lacquered thick plywood . The subterranean vault was likened to a kind of bleak bomb shelter more so than a cellar that had been turned into something for much more nefarious pastimes. The small metal table kept several bottles of bleach beneath it on the shelf alongside a red jerry can. Above the bathtub

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hung a steel ring from the unusually high ceiling; in the range of nine feet which is uncalled for in an underground shelter.

The beast promptly ran the heavy chain leash through the ceiling ring and hooked it to a come along which was bolted to the wall. She whimpered, completely at the mercy of this vicious monster, with no options but to swallow whatever horrors were about to take place. The chain once again began to pull; the ticking of the come along rang through her mind like a loaded 44 magnum revolver moving to the step of a crippled old woman. Tick, tick, tick...

Hoisted up above the bath tub, she hung at waist level; the weight of her body pulled on her arms to such an extent that her shoulders popped out of their sockets. She tried to scream but the collar was pulling on her throat so badly she had just enough availability to breathe, not without struggle. The devilish madman unzipped the bottom zipper of his coveralls and walked over, standing before her he pulled out his member and swiftly jammed it down her throat, exclaiming - "I'll give you something to choke about you disgusting pig".

He pleasured himself, aroused by the excruciating pain that the helpless, battered whore was suffering. When satisfied, he removed his erect member from her mouth and ejaculated all over her face

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including the split eyeball which remained spread eagle and oozing, like a communal third-world hooker with chlamydia. She vomited immediately, expelling yellow stomach bile; it dripped down her chin and into the bathtub lying beneath.

The monstrous figure pulled out a razor sharp buck knife and a set of plyers from a small drawer in the metal table. The blade glistened under the red illumination which served to amplify the sheer terror and complete shattering of the slave's mental framework. She pushed out another horrific, mind-melting wail which was cut short abruptly when her mouth was forced open and tongue yanked out with the blood crusted set of plyers.

"You already had your chance to speak earlier bitch! Time to shut you the fuck up and make you cum; as per your request of course..."

With the plyers in one hand holding her tongue he took the buck knife with the other and continued to cut her tongue out, cutting along the top and then in a sawing motion from one side to the other. She pissed and defecated herself; a sudden gush of blood flooded from her mouth and flew about the room as she wriggled around in the air. The wild beast spun her around and stuffed her severed tongue up deep inside of her vaginal cavity, jolting it back and forth in a

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stabbing motion for a few moments then removed his hand leaving the butchered muscle inside her. Her body sagged in the air, still quite alive but in such an extreme traumatic state of shock she momentarily passed out.

She returned to consciousness a few moments later with the sickening stench of gasoline, to see an empty jerry can lying on the floor before closing her remaining eye to avoid the intoxicating fumes.

"Now you will cum, oh yes you will cum! You're going to come to Hell bitch! wrapped in a blood red fucking skin bow".

The rough crispy strike of the match carried through her body, the igniting sound seemed to last forever in that moment. Everything went completely silent; she could hear the match wisp through the air and hit the tub like a grenade going off next to her ear, falling into a shallow bath of dirty gasoline and motor oil mixture. The flames instantly engulfed her entire body, crackling and hissing; searing the bubbling flesh from the helpless victim with nightmarish serpent tongues of fire intent on licking every crevice of her severely damaged frame.

After several minutes, the fire died down to a smoldering pile and went out, only small puffs of black smoke continued to rise from the harsh result of her

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bitter finality. The majority of what previously hung there with a pulse had been converted to charred remains at the bottom of the red hot tub. The rest of what remained would be dealt with later and the area cleaned thoroughly. There would be some time to wait until the steel and stone was cool enough to touch. He left the room and walked up the stairs to go clean up in the building standing above the underground vault of horror. He decided to go to town to the local newsstand to purchase the Daily Newspaper...

-Tyrant NSK
128 yf

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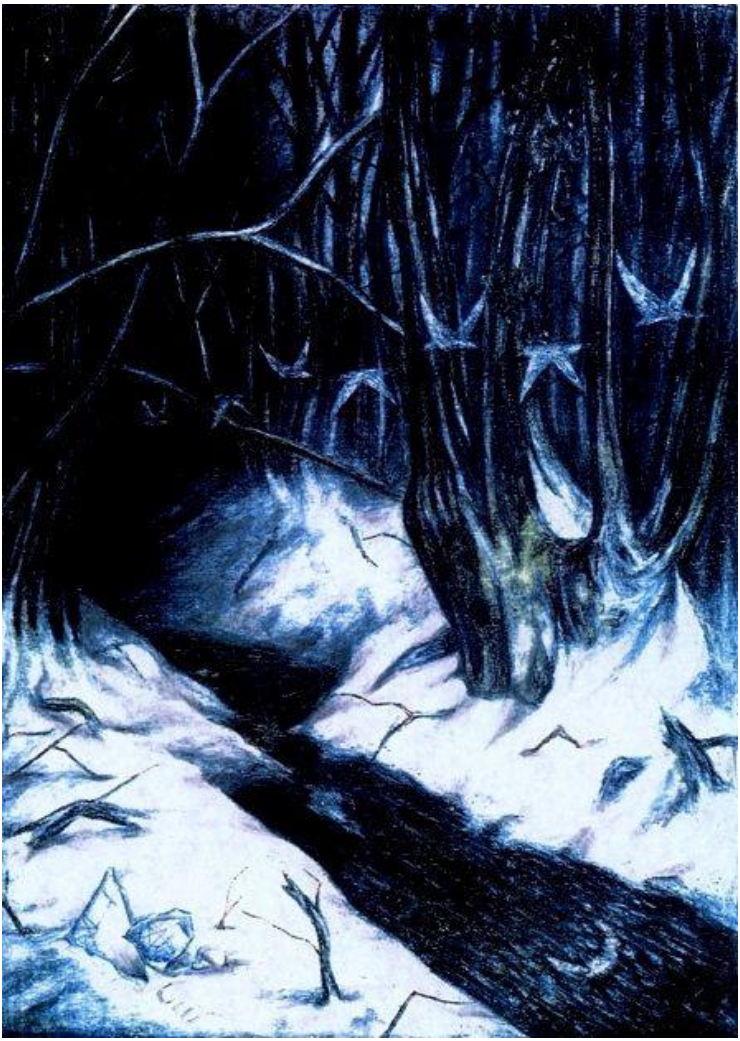
Agios O' Noctulius



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